THE EVENING WORLD'S HUMORISTS ARE GREAT LAUGH-MAKERS

New York Thro' Funny Glasses

By Irvin S. Cobb.

The Foolish Season Catechism No. 11.

WHAT is New York's favorite summer drink? A. Souseparilla.

Q. What is the favorite summer diversion? A. (1) Going away from town and wishing you were back. (2) Staying in town and wishing you were away.

Q. What is a typical summer show? A. A form of diversion for the feeble-minded. Q. What is the principal difference between a typical few York summer show and a typical New York winter

A. The principal difference is from fifty cents to a dollar, depending on the Meation of the seat. Q. What are the most striking things about Broadway? A. Illutainated algas at night and illuminated scions at

all hours. Q. It must, therefore, be a well-lighted street? :A. Indeed, it; is. There is somebody setting lit up in nearly every cafe. Booze ads, by night induce broze subtractions by day.

Q. How is Manhattan Island bounded? A. On the north by the Macomb's Dam Bridge and on the south by a bridge having the same name without the "Macomb's" part.

Q. How many persons live on Manhattan Island?

A. Upward of two millions.

Q. What is their favorite occupation? A. All trying to ride the same subway train at the same time.



haps you are just going or are in the midst of its en-) yments, whatever they may be. You are liable to bring home with you the memory of some new man acquaintance with whom you have walked and driven or played tennis, and the first week of your return will be spent in looking for-

ward to the letter he premised to write. He didn't guite propose in the country, but you will expect that letter to contain the formal declaration of his affection tions, and under the temporary glamour of reminiscence you may have decided your answer will be a favorable one. And then the letter does not come. You look for it day after day and think, perhaps, he got your address wrong, and you write him, and there is still no answer. Well, you have taken a summer filrtation too seriously, that's all, and you must go to work and forget all about it as quickly as possible. Den't let him be the first to laugh at you. Laugh at yourself and then forget.

Loves Her Friend's Beau.

AM in love with a young man who goes with a girl friend of mine. He seems to like her very much, yet whenever I am around he pays more attention to me. I don't like to cut her out. Should I give him up? FLOSSIE.

Be cautious about giving your entire heart to your "friend's beau." He may be courteous to you only to please your friend. I have known of such cases. It is easier for a young man to say pretty nothings to a girl he does not love, but only admires, than to say them to the girl of his heart, to whom, in the presence of others, he some times appears indifferent. Do nothing rash. If you are h's choice he will find

Afflicted by His Beauty.

AM a drug clerk and considered very bandsome. Nearly all of the young ladies in the neighborhood come into the store and try to engage me in conversation. There is one in particular in whom I am very much interested, and I solf than to tear up a young lady's photograph, and no more courtosy than to send it back to her torn up. His friendship (7) is not worth having, to believe it. The other night I saw her

ther gentleman, when she knew I was atching. Do you think she is trying make me jealous or is she fickie? PERPLEXED. Not knowing her temperament, it is hard for me to tell you. It may be that she only admires your good looks and is not in love with you at all. I have known of such cases. Do not imagine that those girls are all in love with you. Not Worth Having.

night he brought a friend around to see me and his friend tried to cut im out, but did not succeed. I gave my friend's friend a picture of myself and he tore it up and sent it back to me, and he also tore up another girl's picture just because he got jealous be cause I did not treat him as well as I did his friend. The reason I did not treat him as well was because he talked all the time about girls he knew. Since hen he wrote me a letter of apology and wanted to come around again. Should I accept his apology and treat him as before?

I would not cultivate the acquaintance of a young man who has no more justice than to try to "cut out" his friend and no more control of him-

HINTS FOR THE HOME

HALF a cup of butter, 1 14 cup pinavor to taste. Sugar, 1-2 teaspoon lemon extract. Picnic Fare. sugar, 1-2 teaspoon lemon extract, 1 teaspoon vanilia; cream together.

Add whites of 4 eggs beaten stiff, 1 3-4 buildings where things did not oup of flour, 1 rounded teaspoon of have to be brought far was recentpotato flour, 2-3 cup of rich milk, 2 cof- ly carried out successfully. While the feespoons of cream of tartar, 1 coffee- menu is not elaborate, everything being spoon soda, 1-2 coffeespoon of salt. Bake fresh and wholesome the repast was in a ten-inch sheet 35 or 40 minutes, voted a great success. Permission was

NE quart of milk, I quart of cream.

1-2 can of condensed milk, 1-2 which these and the repast was compackage of powdered gelatine.

Bweeten and flavor to taste, freeze and let stand two hours. Scald milk and was a nice and pleasant little picnic, without much preparation. condensed milk together, turn cream without much preparation.

moderate oven, and frost with mocha frosting.

ice Cream.

The moderate oven, and frost with mocha frosting, given to build a fire in a grove. A large fronting, to make chipped beef with cream gravy. Coffee was made also, and ham was served cold. Good, fresh bread and

into that and let cool, then sweeten and flavor to taste. Delicious.



sary to dwell upon, Mother Hubbard arranges her jan cupboard in such a way that she can keep tabs on the outgo. She has put up her winter's supply in jars of three sizes, and upon each the three shelves has placed the same quantity of jam.

Now, since the Hubbard house sold can each day dispose of as much jam is contained in one little jar, can you tell how long this winter's supply will

Boarding House Fables.

By Joseph A. Flynn.

the fruit. "You win the Head-of-the-Class for that. I everything else those nooly flap-jacks hand out-punk! "A little education, like blowing out the gas, or talking some day and come out as brain food. Every time one

his Per he gives us a stab, and then he's the Front Page hubby's dope isn't Directions-to-the-Golden-Shore. for a week. Having your Thought Factory filled new's as easy as falling off a car, and I'm not Educated Emma, with windows on my nose, but those yahoos ouidn't teach me to tie up my fluffy-duffy.

all the trouble with Allam in the first flat, and kept it up since. Last year one us. He was one of those crusty old bats that's always making a crack about Rain-in-the-Face said all the blondes were getting transfers, and next morning Mary Anns not amounting to anything in this world. I counted twenty-six on one block. How is it every broken pitcher is blamed on Mary Ann? Every time the papers fall over some old geezer doing the

"It's about time we got the count. We've been a try-out too long. Solomon knew us from the cellar to the roof, but he had to ring three hundred Marys many more cranks, he died and willed all his money to the Dogs' Home, sh?" before he was called Wise Mike. We're The-Only-Man-Around-the-House now,

Tess last Sunday morning, referring to a criticism of the night, the Johns 'Il be the car benind. There ain't a live wire on the boards fair sex by a well-known writer, which appeared in to-day that we can't cop, or a Wise Mike we can't do, and yet they call us that day's paper.

Weak Annies. Slush! Why, little Susie-Sleepy-Eyes on the first floor could trim four cops, while the trolley pole she travels with has neinber eleven in the she answered smilingly, and at the same time passing back of his neck, and don't drag down enough cush to feed the rat in her mop.

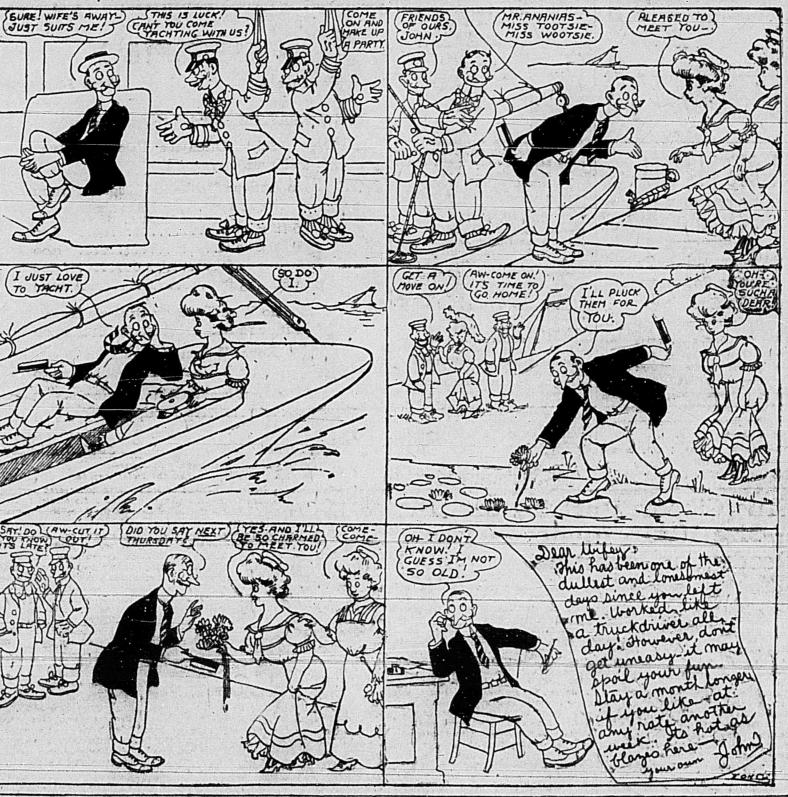
"We certainly get the Shove on the cars now, but some day we'll unlock piked that off myself this morning, and it's just like the gates, forget Mother's Advice; and you can read the whole thing next morning for a cent. Once upon a time Wabbling Jerry blew home with the milk, in the morning and a nice package of joy, and Soft Bertha had to sleep back to a cop, is a dangerous thing, and if some of those under the plane, but now she's Wide-a-Wake-Sis on the job with the leg of a Ink-Wells don't look out they'll fall into the dog machine chair, and next day he wonders how many were killed in the wreck. We are delicate pieces of machinery, and a smack on the lips won't keep us in the of those whiskerinos wants another Buck tagged on to shafts forever. Every Band-Box Willie hasn't always got his board, and every

"I don't care two prunes whether a guy's a Rummy-Dum or a Clarence, as long as he reads his paper, for I can't stand crashing the bonnets The queer thing is all those Whangers get collared in the end. We had an old "Every time they make a dippy crack it's about us. They say we started soak with us for four birthdays. He had the up to his ears, but he was sore on

. "He was Sour-Apples on the face, Dear-Doctor on the hair, and whenever he went out the undertaker at the corner'd mark off another day in the book, hermit act, with his finger on his tongue, it's us that did it. Every time a and help him across the strest. He wouldn't allow a Mollie to take a pike at Shining-Virtue kisses a change-factory goodby, with a ton of rocks under his bunk, he was his own Carpet Sweeper, and if you made a noise like s belt, all the papers are Buildog Jake on the job, with a yell about some Mollie skirt in the hall he'd throw a 'fit, But, like' every other, gooscherry, he

got his."
"Well, it's too bad," I remarked sympathetically. "I suppose, like a good "Dogs' Home Ginger Snaps!" Tess answered, as she adjourned a fly conand if we keep on driving trucks, carrying cannons, licking hubbles, running vention in the sugar. "He robbed the cradle, and married a Lizzie Frizzles

By F. G. Long



The Jarr Family's Daily Jars.

By Roy L. McCardell.



ID YOU ever notice that you have a most unpleasant way of raising your voice?" asked Mr. Jarr, when Mrs. Jarr had finished reproving one of the children.
"I know I have a good many ways that are unpleasant

"I know I have a good many ways that are unpleasant —that is, they are made unpleasant for me," replied Mrs. Jarr. "The way of raising children is made unpleasant for me, so unpleasant that I have no doubt you are right about the way of raising any voice!"

"Oh, don't get touchy about it," said Mr. Jarr. "It's only a habit, only thoughtlessness, I know."

"And do you know it's only a habit and only thoughtlessness the way you find cault?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, come now, I wasn't finding tault," said Mr. Jarr.

"I don't know what else you were doing: I don't know what sise you are always doing," said Mrs. Jarr with a sigh. "It's all very well for people who have nothing to worry them to cultivitie a well-medulated voice, but if they had to work and worry like I do they'd forget how they spoke, together with other niceties of life that I have forget them, too. Still, do you together with other niceties of life that I have forgot ten, too. Still, do you

think it is kind to remind me of it?". "I really think that we get into the habit of nagging children around us without thinking." he began. "Now, for instance, a child breaks a cup or a dish. The child is frightened, he wouldn't have broken the thing purposely. Instead, however, of cautioning the child calmly to be more careful next time, the parent will invariably scream at the child, scole and abuse it and often shake or slap it.

"This sort of thing goes on continually, and, to my mind, it hardens the child. A child used to brawling and quarreiling falls into the same labit with its sisters or brothers or playmates, and when it is old enough or bia enough o dare the thing it replies to the loud-voiced parent in kind." "Children, leave the room!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. The children reluct anti-

"Oh, don't send them out. I'm not saying anything!" said Mr. Jarz "If you are going to encourage the children in disobedience," said Mrs. Jars, at least you can do it when I'm not present. But if you do insist on encouraging

them, call-them back and I'll leave the room!" "I'll leave the room myself!" said Mr. Jarr. "Doggone it: I was only speaking generally, and now you'll have the children believing that I am scold-

ing you, and I was tust"-"You just were scolding mel" said Mrs. Jarr. "You are always scolding me nothing that I do is right in your eyes!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "You make me do just what I was talking against. I was only speaking about the habit of scolding for nothing or for little things, and here you've worked it all around as if I were doing the very thing I was talking against." "You mind your own business!" said Mrs. Jare sharply. "There is no scold-

ng or fault finding in this house unless you do it. I will run the house, you provide for it, that's your duty!" "Oh, very well," said Mr. Jarr, resignedly. "I only know if I come home

and talk to you about the office you tell me not to talk shep, if I read you say I'm not interested in my home, and yet when I do try so talk of home things you always deliberately mistake my meaning!" "I do not," said Mrs. Jarr, sharply. "You were saying that I scolded the children about every little thing!"

"I did not," replied Mr. Jarr. "I just mentioned generally that children were actored too much if they accidentally broke anything about the house, and so on?" "Huh!" said Mrs. Jarr, grimly. "Little Willie broke your meerschaum pipe

"He did, did he?" cried Mr. Jarr excitedly. "And I suppose you let him have "On the contrary, I took it away from him twice," said Mrs. Jarr, "but as

was scared when he found what he had dene"-"You didn't whip him?" said Mr. Jarr.

"Indeed I did," said Mrs. Jarr. "I hope you gave it to him good," said Mr. Jarr, "the little rascal!"

Health and Beauty. By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

For Wrinkles.



for removing wrinkles: Bind the forebead at night with a compress of new tinen parts of alcohol Allow the compress to remain

By Ouida

ment until the wrinkles here these (C.—Not knowing the exact shade of peared. Wrinkles may sometimes be affaced by the following treatment, if stretch the skin furrowed by the wrinkie until it is perfectly smooth, and Hollow Cheeks. with the other hand apply over the wrinkle a strip of the court-plaster. This application is, of course, best made at night. The following mixtues, used as a lotion, is of great efficacy in reason in the missing treatments, and its as a lotion, is of great efficacy in removing wrinkles, but it is a little difficult to prepare and requires in addition to be distilled: In 250 grams of alcohol

TOWNTHE THE Falling Hair.

M. R.-I could not recommend a hair tonic unless I knew someis falling. Is the scalp dry or oily and do you suffer from dandruff? The proprietary article you have been using I believe is excellent, and it is probable that as the hair costinues to full, you are run down and ansemic and need a and white of one. good blood tonic yourself. Build up your system and you will soon see great

improvement in your hair. on all night and To Conceal a Soar on Face.

able to paint over this scar. Go to one row strips of court plaster, then, with of the theatrical supply stores and get the thumb and foredinger of one hand, a rouge which you consider matches

those do not tighten the muscles there is a slight operation which will drawn them up and thus remove that appear

Under Two Flags.

perched mouth quivering as shough he may be compared to the percentage of the percen

CHAPTER XV. For Life or Death.

GIGARETTE, a day's journey away.

struck the Black Hawk—a light blow, but with threat to kill following it. He has been tried and is to be shot. There is no appeal to the Consell de Revision. The case is clear; the Colonel could have cut him 'You are of his race," she persisted. 'You are of his race," she persisted. 'You are brethren by your look. What are you to him?' 'What are you to him?' 'To whom?'

Olgarette heard; she never made a movement or gave a sound, but all the Victor, a Chasseur of my army?" blodd fied out of her brilliant face, leaving it horribly blanched beneath its

was hearing read a letter from one hand grasped his arm before he saw

He made no answer; he was too

What are you to him?"

"To whem?"

"To the man who calls himself Louis Victor, a Chasseur of my army?"

Her eyes were fastered entirely upon him; keen, ruthless, fierce in this more ment as a hawk's. He graw pale, and murmured an incoherent denial. He sought to shake her off, first gently, then more rudsy; he called her man, which never varied; she neglected all

midd many the norror, the remorse, the voverwhelming shock of his brother's doom.

R. Contest of Wills.

"He will be shot," see said with a strange calmness. "We shoot down many feet in the sentence.

There were fifty miles; between her many bounded that short the sentence.

There were fifty miles; between her many feet in the sounded on the sentence.

There were fifty miles; between her many feet in the sounded on the sentence.

There were fifty miles; between her many feet in the sentence.

There were fifty miles; between her many feet in the sentence.

There were fifty miles; between her many feet in the sentence.

There were fifty miles; between her many feet in the sentence.

There were fifty miles; between her many feet in strength of a biameless life force breath; she am sentence in three hard could her; she knew what hoked one the great had told her; she knew what they had one she could do. Once only she had cond her she knew what hoked one the great had tool her; she knew what hoked one the great had tool her; she knew what hoked one the great had cond her; she knew what her was proved on the great had cond her; she knew what hoked one the great had one she could do. Once only she knew what hoked one the great had cond her; she knew what her was not a left with the resolute were were when her who knew nothing of all that was not he same, the same will not all the same along silence; those present, who knew nothing of all that was not same different was not a left with the trans, all in the same, then many the definition of all that was not same then with the could her; she som there were not hope and well of all the same along silence; those present, who knew nothing of all that was not same different was not same then with the resolute were the same along silence; those present, who knew nothing of all that was not same along silence; those present, who knew nothing of all that was not same along silence; those present, who knew nothing of all that was not same along silence; then we same when he